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AN INEVITABLE MESALLIANCE.

She: WHY DIDN'T YOU CONGRATULATE HIM JUST NOW? HE'S GOING TO BE MARRIED.

He: WELL, YOU SEE, I COULDN'T CONSCIENTIOUSLY CONGRATULATE HAINES ON MARRYING ANY GIRL THAT WOULD HAVE HIM.



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doctor, I can afford neither
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VOLUME XVII.

• LIFE •

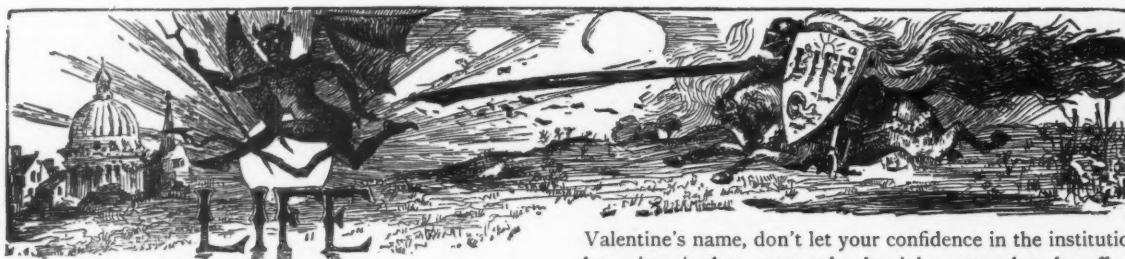
NUMBER 425.

GOOD BY FOR
40 DAYS.



LENT

1891.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVII. FEBRUARY 19, 1891. No. 425.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV., XV. and XVI., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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THERE was an instructive paragraph in one of LIFE's admired contemporaries the other day, which purported to be the confession of a spinster of forty, that she had been fairly frightened out of getting married, and that she had lived long enough to regret it. When she was at a marriageable time of life, she said, she heard so much about unhappy couples, that she was afraid to risk a husband, and didn't. Since then, she said, she had been able to observe the status of at least a score of married people that she knew, with the result that she was convinced that three-fourths of them were happily married, that four-fifths of the remainder got on tolerably well, and that only one marriage out of twenty was a conspicuous failure. Single life, she intimated, was barely worth the living, and the tone of her remarks implied that she felt it her duty to publish her own case as a warning to others.

IT comes in excellent season. In the absence of temporary themes of more engrossing interest, that old standby, marriage, is getting it hot and heavy. Mona Caird has discredited it, Tolstoi has hurled his gob of mud at it, and the ladies and gentlemen who deal in magazine articles damn it with faint approval from month to month, or take pains to explain what is the matter with it, and how it may be tempered. And yet, as we look about from day to day, we seem to find that Marriage is doing pretty well. We find that the very rich, who can afford all the luxuries of single life, persist in getting married; as also do the poor, who have no money to waste on unprofitable experiences. The happy marriages make no talk, and a thousand of them will not get as much space in the newspapers as one lively divorce case.

There are drawbacks about life, however undertaken, but this much at least you can say of marriage (as also of death): that you may be sorry if you do try it, but in time you are almost sure to regret it if you don't. Very much depends upon the "parties," but dear young (maiden) friend, in St.

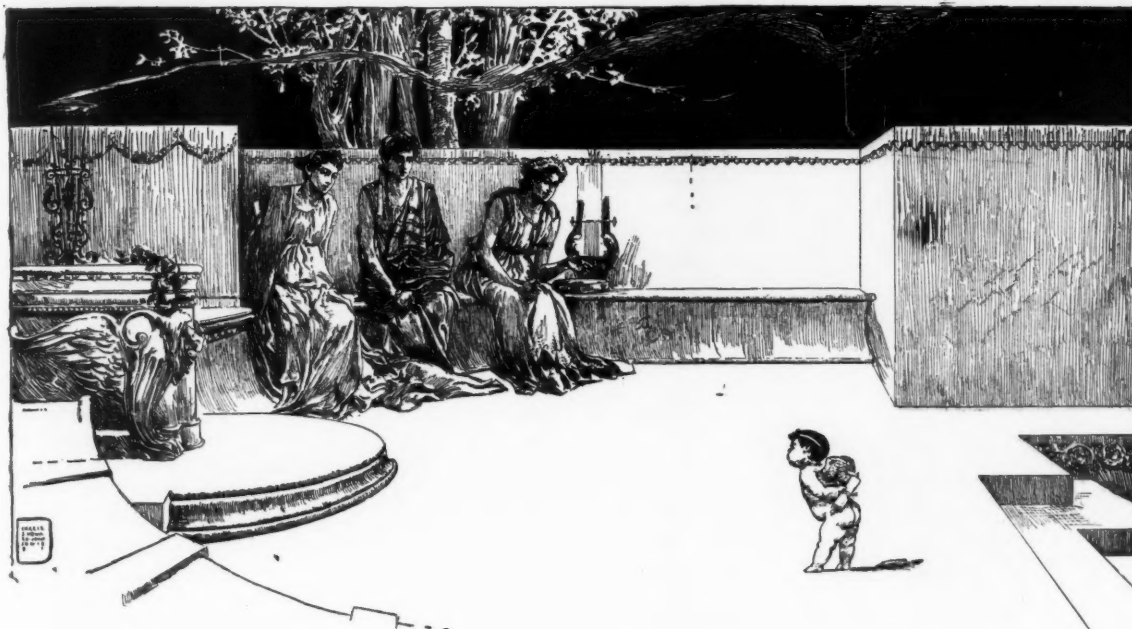
Valentine's name, don't let your confidence in the institution be so impaired as not to take the right party when he offers. It does not pay to dodge the ordinary risks of life. That takes too much time and care, and in avoiding *all* the dangers, you lose nine-tenths of the fun. Don't try; and don't believe any "old wives' tales" unless you know the wives.

IF the saints were half as glad to have Lent begin, or got half as much benefit out of it as the rattled sinners of "society" do, this would be a better world than it is.

LET us drop a tear for Ingalls. He was usually wrong, and some of the worst measures commanded his best efforts. The country is well rid of him. But the Senate could ill spare him, for he had brains. The illusionist who has got his shoes is far less dangerous than he, but far less interesting, too. Good-bye, Ingalls. When a man is as clever as you, one can't help wishing that he was good.

THE business reputation of the Boston drummer, always deservedly high, has been notably augmented during the past month by the remarkable energy and shrewdness displayed by C. W. Elliot, L.L.D., agent for a wholesale educational establishment located in one of Boston's suburbs, who has been making a Western tour in the interests of his house. Dr. Elliot showed marked activity in several of the big Western towns. In Ohio he installed a young man lately connected with his establishment as president of a local college, assuring him of the good will of the firm, and testifying as to his competence. In Chicago he addressed a very large meeting of old patrons of his house, and others trading in educational goods, describing to them the new styles in education as turned out by his firm's establishment, and assuring them that certain proposed abbreviations in the process of manufacture would be in no respect detrimental to the quality of the output. Dr. Elliot has said to have taken more Summer and Fall orders in the West than any other six Eastern men in his line of trade. Rival houses, particularly one at New Haven, are concerned at his success, and it is well understood that a large increase in pay awaits him at any time when he may be willing to transfer his services.

SHAME! Shame! American Senators! There may be questions of policy—or politics—about the International Copyright matter, but there is also a question of morality and national disgrace about it. Have you, who devote hours and days and weeks to political questions no time for a matter of simple justice?



THE FIRST VALENTINE.



THE PRESENT SITUATION.

Italian Opera: AH-H-H-H! REVENGE AT LAST! YOU HAVE YOUR DISCHARGE!—YOU ARE FIRED! GO-O-O-O!

German Opera: VILL YOU HAF THE GOOTNESS, YOU HALF-STARVED DAGO, TO LET ME FINISH IN PEACE AND QUIET?

Italian Opera: SI, SIGNOR, EEF YOU CAN DO ANYSING IN PEACE AND QUIET. PLAY YOU ZE "FLYING DUTCHMAN," HA, HA!



"HAVE YOU ATTENDED THE DEODOROUS DIVORCE TRIAL?"

"NO, I HAVE HAD NO TIME."

"WELL, YOU SHOULD TAKE THE TIME. IT'S THE MOST INTERESTING CASE I EVER HEARD. WHY, THE EVIDENCE KEPT ME IN A CONTINUAL STATE OF BLUSHES FOR FOUR HOURS."



CHESTERFIELD ON ICE.

"HE IS A MOST SCRUPULOUS AND REFINED GENTLEMAN."

"IS HE?"

"YES. MARY WAS SKATING WITH HIM, WHEN SHE FELL AND SPRAINED HER ANKLE, AND HE WOULDN'T PICK HER UP IN HIS ARMS AND CARRY HER OFF UNTIL HE HAD GONE THROUGH THE FORM OF PROPOSING AND BECOME ENGAGED TO HER."

PATRIOTISM.

LET who will make the country's laws,
Yea, e'en her ballads, grave or funny;
Here most of us would serve her cause,
Content in helping make her money.

NOT VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.

CLEVERTON: I hope you won't think an old friend impertinent, but about how much is your income?

DASHAWAY: Well, to tell the truth, old man, I live so far beyond it that it's way out of sight.

DELILAH is very generally condemned for cutting Samson's hair, but the attention of barbers is respectfully called to the fact that she did not talk to him during the process.

BOOKISHNESS

"STAND FAST, CRAIG-ROYSTON!"

IT is not the story in William Black's "Stand Fast, Craig Royston!" (Harper's) that most attracts one, for the tale rambles on in a leisurely way, with a hero and heroine for lovers, who are agreeable enough, so far as they have qualities which can be characterized. But above this placid level of conventional story-telling rises the figure of *George Bethune* which at first repels the reader, then makes him doubt his prejudices, and finally wins his admiration.

To draw a fine old man in fiction is as difficult in its way as to act the part on the stage, and give it any other than the conventional qualities of benevolence and good-humor which have always been the stock features of stage old-men who were not "gruff and hearty." But William Black has cut clear from old lines, and in *George Bethune* has pictured the traits which make some aged Scotchmen so attractive. In youth and middle age, the strong men of the race are obstinate, aggressive, disputatious—qualities which count for success, but do not add to the pleasure of living and working with them. But in age these rugged characteristics mellow a little, like rough stone walls on which the moss has grown. Then you see how much gentleness and depth of affection were hidden by sterner traits. And down to the very end of life there survive a boyish enthusiasm and sympathy with the ideas of youth, which make a Scottish octogenarian the youngest of men.

THE subtle thing about Black's development of *Bethune* is the way in which the reader is kept in doubt about the old man's sincerity. You are not sure until the last quarter of the story, that he is not a picturesque adventurer. Artistically, the author could have made, perhaps, a stronger effect by earlier winning the reader's sympathies. It is hard to change from antagonism to admiration in the turning of a page.

In the full light which the completed story throws on *Bethune's* character he stands a noble Scot—filled with patriotism, love of kindred, a brave spirit, and enduring hopefulness. He took the "heroic attitude toward the rest of the world," and held it to the very end. His philosophy is surely a good one in fact, as well as fiction:

"Here am I, nearing three score years and ten, and every morning that I awake I know that there lies before me another beautiful, interesting, satisfactory day that I am determined to enjoy to the very utmost of my power. To-morrow? To-morrow never yet belonged to anybody, never was of any use to anybody. Give me to-day, and I am content to let to-morrow shift for itself! * * * Don't you perceive that the marvellous thing is that out of the vast millions of ages it should be this one particular moment, this present moment, that happens to be given to you? Look at those elm trees, at the water down there, at the moving clouds; isn't it wonderful to think that in the immeasurable life of the world this should happen to be the one moment when these things are made visible to you?"

All that was mean in him, all that caused the world to misjudge him resulted from his "unlimited faculty of self-deception," which made the world of his fancies real to him; and the hard facts of life become the delusions which he easily banished from his thoughts. In health or sickness, he kept his heart warm with the songs of Scotland, and hurried back to die where his failing eyes might rest on the heath-covered hills of Fife. The old psalms and the old songs chased each other across the fields of his memory, and his last request was that they put a handful of primroses on the grave of Motherwell for the sake of the song of "Jeanie Morrison."

To many Americans this may seem the overwrought sentiment of a fiction-writer, but to hundreds of aged Scots it is pathetic truth.

Droch.

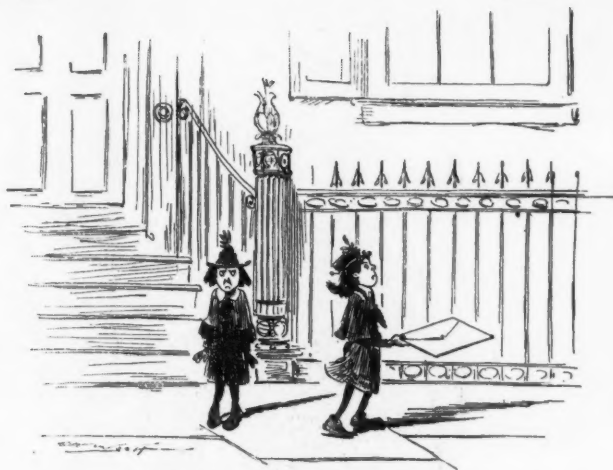
THEY MANAGE THINGS BETTER THERE.

MR. GODET (*surveying the debris on Broadway*): I wish I lived in Pompeii!

MR. STILLMAN: Why, that town is as dead as Philadelphia.

MR. GODET: I know it; but the streets there have only been torn up once in two thousand years.

RINGING WORDS—"Will you marry me?"



THE PANGS OF JEALOUSY.

Fiametta Hogan (young lady on left): HOW MY WARM MULBERRY-STREET BLOOD TINGLES AT THE THOUGHT OF THAT VALENTINE BEING INTENDED FOR JACOPO. SHILL I FOLLER HER, OR WHAT?

AT a recent progressive-euchre party given by a woman in New York society, the prizes awarded were handsome pieces of Royal Worcester, silver-handled canes and umbrellas, and for the booby prize a copy of Ward McAllister's book.

MRS. DORE-BARLOW: Are we going to the VanDyke wedding to-night?

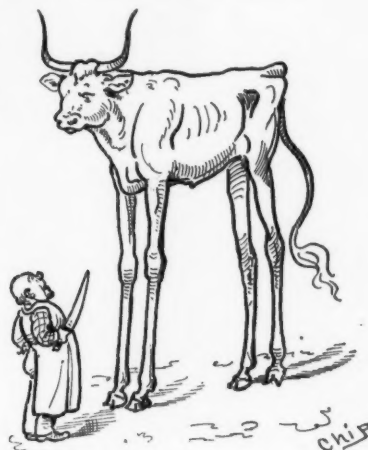
MR. DORE-BARLOW: No; we have been to one wedding too many already.



AN EFFECT.

She: SO YOU ARE JUST FROM MINNEAPOLIS. HOW DID THE PEOPLE OUT THERE RECEIVE YOUR LECTURE ON THE "SUPREME QUALITIES OF SHAKESPEARE?"

He: WELL, WHEN I FINISHED, THE AUDIENCE GAVE THREE CHEERS FOR BACON.



HIGH STEAKS.





THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE.



ALPHONSO HAS BEEN REJECTED AND DETERMINES UPON SUICIDE.



HE TAKES A DOSE OF ROUGH-ON-RATS, BUT AN UNSYMPATHETIC DOCTOR MANAGES TO PULL HIM THROUGH.



HE JUMPS OFF THE FERRY-BOAT, BUT IS IMMEDIATELY RESCUED.



HE CLOSSES HIS ROOM AND BLOWS OUT THE GAS, BUT HIS EVER-WATCHFUL LANDLADY IS TOO MUCH FOR HIM.



HE GIVES "BACK TALK" TO A NEW YORK POLICEMAN, BUT FATE IS STILL AGAINST HIM, AND HE IS NOT CLUBBED TO DEATH.

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE: Well, Tom, times are pretty hard down our way, but as this is my only evening in New York, I guess I'll go to the theatre. I see by the paper that a reserved seat costs a dollar and a half.

THE CITY MOUSE: Oh, no, Uncle Edward. A reserved seat that you would care to sit in will cost you two dollars at least.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE: But this is the theatre's own advertisement.

THE CITY MOUSE: Yes.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE: Do you mean to say that the men who run the theatres in New York are dishonest enough to advertise one price and charge another?

THE CITY MOUSE: That isn't dishonesty, Uncle; that's managerial shrewdness.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE: Down our way we'd call it swindling. But do they really do it?

THE CITY MOUSE: With one or two exceptions. At Daly's, the Casino and the Lyceum, you can secure seats on the "first come, first served" principle, but at the other theatres, to get a seat from which you can see the performance, you will have to buy it from a speculator.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE: What is a speculator?

THE CITY MOUSE: He is a beetle-browed ruffian who stands out in front of a theatre and sells the desirable seats to the public at excessive prices.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE: Where does he get the tickets?

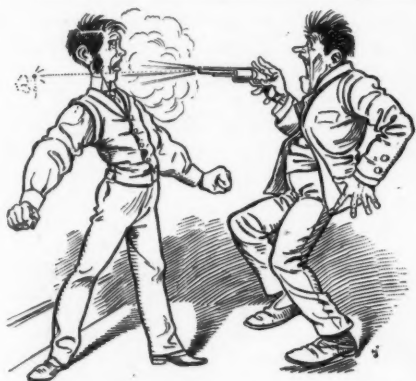
THE CITY MOUSE: From the shrewd manager, as a rule. This is not invariably so, but in most cases where you see speculators in front of a theatre you may be sure the shrewd manager gets most of the money the speculator extorts from the patrons of the theatre.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE: I'd like to see a speculator. Whereabouts are they to be found?

THE CITY MOUSE: You can see them in their glory in front of Harrigan's Theatre, the Metropolitan Opera House, and whenever any of Henry E. Abbey's attractions appear—Bernhardt, for instance.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE: Well, I guess I'll go to one of the theatres where they protect the public. I could stand the extra fifty cents, but I do hate to be swindled.

THE CITY MOUSE: So do I, uncle, but you know I'm a New Yorker, and New Yorkers have no sand in their crops. We are afraid that if we ever objected to being robbed by any one who wanted to rob us, some body might say we were stingy.



PERSUADES A FRIEND TO POINT A DIDN'T-KNOW-IT-WAS-LOADED REVOLVER AT HIM, BUT THE FRIEND PROVES A BAD SHOT.



ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

She: THOSE HORRID SMYLER GIRLS ARE IN THAT SLEIGH. IT'S NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, BUT, CLARA, THE ONE IN WHITE IS GOING TO MARRY LORD DUNCASTLE PURELY FOR SPITE.

He: FROM SPITE?

She: YES; SHE WAS VIRTUALLY JILTED BY HER FATHER'S COACHMAN.

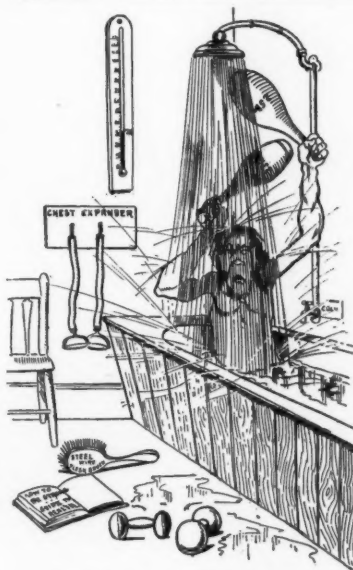
KINGLEY: Why, old man, what makes you look so gloomy? You haven't had a falling out with your wife, have you?

BINGO: Worse than that. With our servant girl.

BEHIND THE BAT—His apology for a tail.



TRYs THE OLD-FASHIONED PLAN, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS.



BUT AT LAST HE BUYS "A GUIDE TO HEALTH AND MANUAL TO PHYSICAL CULTURE," AND AFTER CONSCIENTIOUSLY PRACTICING ITS PRECEPTS—



ACHIEVES HIS PURPOSE:



NOT ONE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

Mr. Lypson-Browne: ABRAHAM WAS A PATRIARCH, WASN'T HE?

Daubson: No.

Mr. Lypson-Browne: No?

Daubson: No; HE HAD NO HYPHEN IN HIS NAME.

OUR ever fresh and always entertaining contemporary, the *Evening Sun*, says:

The editors of our brisk contemporary LIFE have been betrayed into a self-exposure which they will be thankful to have brought to their own attention. They print things which first appear in the *Evening Sun*, Woman About Town, crediting them to the *San Francisco Argonaut*. Their appearance then compels two inferences, both painful. First, that the *Argonaut* copies them without credit, an obliquity of conduct which all must deplore; second, that the LIFE man had just the wit to discern a good thing when pointed out for him by the *Argonaut*, but lacked enough to detect it when it passed beneath his own nose. The first attests bad morals, but the second is more mortifying.

LIFE is glad that the journalistic child of Mr. Dana's old age has spoken of this matter. We have once or twice noticed in its columns especially clever things credited to provincial publications. If the alert and conscientious editors of the *Evening Sun* had spent a week or two in looking up the pedigrees of the scintillations they would have found that they first shone in the columns of LIFE. Naturally they were appreciated by the man on the *Evening Sun* who has just the wit to discern a good thing when pointed out for him by his country contemporaries but lacks enough to detect it when it passes beneath his own nose. The first attests bad morals, but the paragraph we quote is more Pharisaical.

And, by the way, here's a hint for the *Evening Sun* man who writes leading editorials on the mistakes in English made by deluded people who write letters to that journal. He should organize the young men of the



A STAB IN THE DARK.

Evening Sun into a class in rhetoric and give them daily lectures on that always entertaining subject "The Violation of the Infinitive," illustrated with examples from the editorial columns of both the *Suns*.

GILES: I noticed that your friend had his coat collar buttoned up. A cold, I suppose.

MERRITT: Oh, no. He was calling on his girl and wore the tie she made him for Christmas.



"MAGGIE, I BELIEVE IF IT WASN'T FOR MY HATEFUL MONEY, JULIAN WOULD HAVE PROPOSED LONG AGO. DON'T YOU THINK SO?"

"YES,—to me."



ECCENTRIC!

The rose and lily, side by side,
Were in a bouquet pent;
"Ah!" the rose exclaimed, you're fair to see;"
And the lily said, "Of course—tee hee!
But you cannot borrow aught from me.
For I haven't got a scent."—*Pick Me Up.*

MR. WINTHROP: Tell me, Jack, does it take long to paint the portrait of a lady?

JACK: Well, if she's pretty, it takes a long, long time.—*Bostonian.*

HE (11:45 p. m.): Why, I'd do anything in the world for you!
SHE (yawning): You will? Then for heaven's sake sneak home. I'm sleepy.—*Texas Siftings.*

"If," said the driver, "you will consider the implacable obstinacy of a mule, I don't think it will appear that I took an unfair advantage of him. I built a wagon so strong that no mule could kick it to pieces. In the dash-board I fixed a magnet so powerful that the next time the mule kicked, it held his feet up. I had a good deal of trouble getting him away from the magnet, but it stopped his kicking."—*New York Sun.*

It is a hard matter to tell a "friendly" Indian from a hostile one. The only sure test is to wait and see how they act. If they pass you without showing fight, and then come back in the night and steal your horses—they are friendly, but if they kill and scalp you they are "hostile."—*Drake's Magazine.*

BESSIE: Who is that man who comes here Sundays?

MOTHER: Why, that's your father, child.

BESSIE: Where is he other days?

MOTHER: At the club.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

DOCTOR PEPTUS: Good morning, Mrs. Lafferty; what can I do for you this morning?

MRS. LAFFERTY: 'Dade an' Oi'm in a bad way, docther. There's a haynius thumpin' at me chist, an' the taste in me mout' is that quare Oi can hardly reckonoize meself, at all, at all.

DR. P.: Um—yes. Have you taken anything lately that disagreed with you?

MRS. L.: Shame on me for havin' to own it, docther, but Oi have; Oi tuk a whoit underskurt out of Mrs. Duffy's wash, an' it dishagreed wid me moightly when the joodge sintinced me to foive days for it, so it did.—*Mercury.*

LANDLADY: Let's see, Mr. Impecune owes me for three weeks' board. You needn't mind dusting Mr. Impecune's room this morning, Jane!

JANE: No mum, the gentleman's done it hisself!

LANDLADY: Done what?

JANE: Dusted.—*American Grocer.*

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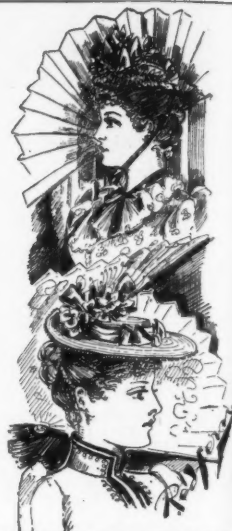
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